

## Our Boys and Girls..

Edited by Aunt Busy.

### SOME P'S AND Q'S.

Pray, little lads and lassies gay,  
One lesson do not lose;  
As through the world you wend your way,  
Oh, mind your P's and Q's!

For while P stands for pears and plums,  
For pleasantness and play;  
For patience and for promptitude;  
For peace, politeness, praise.

Tet, lackaday; it leads in peri,  
In pinches, pests and pain;  
Perverse and petulant and pry,  
And also in profane.

Q stands for Quaker quietness,  
For quinces, quality,  
For quickness and for queenliness,  
For quaint and quittance free.

But then it heralds quake and quail,  
And querulous, indeed,  
And quibbles, quarrels, quips and quicks,  
And quacks it serves at need.

Then watch them, little mads and men,  
For folks will soon excuse,  
Full many a fault and folly when  
You mind your P's and Q's.

—Elizabeth Carpenter.

### AUNT BUSY HAS HER SAY.

Dear Nieces and Nephews—Aunt Busy would like to hear from some of her dear old friends, who used to write faithfully. She has not heard from a Park City niece or nephew for ages; the Eureka girls and boys have quite forgotten her; the Wyoming "rosebuds" and nephews never write a line; the little "clan diggers" must have dropped into the Pacific ocean; the Montana children never think of the poor old woman, Aunt Busy; the Nevada children never did pay much attention to her anyhow; the Colorado nieces and nephews are neglecting her of late, too; the little Omaha children do not write very often; the dear Ogden children are really the only comfort of her poor old heart. The Salt Lake girls and boys neglect her, too, but still the wishes to remain loving old.

AUNT BUSY.

### MY LITTLE GRAY KITTY AND I.

When the north wind whistles 'round the house,  
Piling snowdrifts high,  
We nestle down on the warm hearth-rug—  
My little gray kitty and I.  
I tell her about my work and play,  
And all I mean to do;  
And she purrs so loud, I surely think  
That she understands. Don't you?

She looks about with her big, round eyes,  
And softly licks my face,  
As I tell her 'bout the word I missed,  
And how I have lost my place.  
Then let the wind whistle, for what to us  
Matters a stormy sky?  
Oh, none have such jolly times as we—  
My little gray kitty and I.

—From Angel of Peace.

### LETTERS AND ANSWERS.

Ogden, Nov. 18, 1903.

Dear Aunt Busy—I am going to write you a letter to suggest a name for your new club. I will suggest the name "St. Zito." I think you will much for what you said about the Ogden boys. There is going to be a contest in spelling in the large class today. Love from all the boys and myself. Your nephew,  
GEORGE ROWE.

Aunt Busy would like to hear more frequently from George. Indeed, Aunt Busy cannot say too many nice things for the dear Ogden boys.

Carr, Colo., Nov. 15, 1903.

Dear Auntie—I will write you a letter. I will answer your late question. I think Uncle Busy's Social club is a good name. I am in the primary trade. I am five (5) years old. My birthday comes April 4. I have a big doll. I read in the first reader. We feed the cows hay and bran. I am your loving little girl,  
MARY MANTEN.

A glad welcome to the dear little niece from Carr. Dear little girl, Uncle Busy is not at all "so-cial." Aunt Busy is sorry to say that he is a "grumpy" old fellow with rheumatism and a very bad temper indeed.

ELLA THENN.

Ogden, Nov. 16.

Dear Aunt Busy—I think that it is a very good plan to get up a club for the poor children. I will do all I can to help it along. My favorite name is "Aunt Busy's Ministering Angels." I think that is a rather pretty name. There is a family up here in Ogden; they have had the diphtheria and the lady's husband was in the hospital with typhoid fever; they are in a tight pinch. The lady has a picture and she has been selling chances on it to get a little money. Oh, Aunt Busy, the lady is so weak that she could not walk without holding onto something. So the boys and girls in our room are trying to help the poor people as much as we can. There were a lot that took chances on the picture. I took a chance on it. Love from all the boys and girls. Your loving niece,  
ELLA THENN.

Ogden, Utah, Nov. 19.

Dear Aunt Busy—I suppose your spectacles will fall off your nose when you get this letter. I would have written sooner if I had not sprained my ankle. My papa is building a house and, of course, as all boys and girls want to help, I climbed up on the scaffold and was going to help, but down came the scaffold and I sprained my ankle. I have been in bed ever since Saturday at 11 o'clock.

When I came back to school I discovered that all the boys and girls had written to you, and it would not be fair if they would get ahead of me. Please name your club "St. Helena," because she was the saint who found the true cross, and I guess our Lord must love her dearly. I think he loves you, too, for you are so good to the poor. Your loving niece,  
CATHERINE LANGERIN.

Dear little girl, you do not write with your pretty little ankles, so do not send such an excuse to funny old Aunt Busy again. Aunt Busy appreciates the kind words you send her, dear. She only wishes that she deserved the dear Lord's love, but she certainly feels most unworthy.

But a dear good child like you can always be sure of having our Lord's wonderful love and grace, which, God grant, you will never lose.

### DOG HEARD IN HIS OWN DEFENSE.

In one of the Prague district courts recently, a foreman named Datsch sued a manufacturer named Weinert, alleging the latter's dog had bitten him, thereby rendering him for sometime unfit for work. The dog was produced in court, and the services of a veterinary surgeon were requisitioned as expert evidence.

Herr Desensy, in the presence of the judge, did his utmost to irritate the dog, and even struck it, but all to no purpose. The dog remained calm, and finally, finding the proceeding monotonous, crept under a stool.

"Quiet as a lamb!" was the finding of the veterinary surgeon, but "Oh, no," said the foreman, "the dog behaves itself because its master is present."

So the dog was taken out into the corridor, among the public, this time unmuzzled, and the veterinary again tried his best to irritate the animal. Doggy-wagged his tail, offered first one paw

and then the other, and, its advances being rudely rebuffed by the unfeeling veterinary, ran back into court, sat up on its hind legs before the judge, and begged!

Not even the hard heart of a judge could resist this appeal and the animal left the court without a stain upon his character.

### LITTLE TOMMIE'S "SWEAR-OFFS."

"Mamma! I want to swear off from a whole lot of naughty things that I've been doing all last year, and I want to be a good boy sure this year," declared little 7-year-old Tom Manning with the deep glow of determination in his little manly face, as he stood beside his mamma with his dimpled hand on her shoulder. She was sitting in the parlor on New Year's morning in the great rocker which papa had given her for Christmas, and she turned with motherly pride to look at her brave little son who was so determined to be a good boy.

"I am glad to hear you say that you want to swear off from so many naughty things, Tommie, but at the end of the year I will be better pleased if you have kept your promises," kindly remarked the mother, as she smoothed his disordered hair with her thin white hands.

"I'll keep 'em all!" stoutly responded Tommie, his blue eyes flashing with his determination.

Then Tommie's mother smiled and inquired: "What do you want to swear off from, Tommie?"

Tommie grew very grave looking, and began to slowly tell the evil things he wished to quit.

"I don't want to steal jam any more, nor peanuts from the Dago's stand, nor pull Fido's tail, nor make fun of Uncle Dan 'cause he ain't got any teeth, nor say, 'No! no!' when mamma calls me from play, nor cry when papa says 'Go to bed! no!'"

"That will do, Tommie. Let us see what we can do with the promises you have mentioned. Let us first talk of the promises you made last New Year's day. How many did you make then, and how many have you kept?"

When Tommie's mother asked these questions, Tommie hung his curly head and she soon knew that he was crying. She did not try to stop him, but waited until he stopped, and then he put his arms about her neck and whispered to her:

"I made all these promises last year and I didn't keep one."

"I know that, my little boy, and I wanted to let you know so that you might swear off less this year and try to accomplish more."

"I'll do just what you tell me, mamma. What swear-offs will I make?"

"Well, Tommie, don't steal from anybody and don't call the man that sells peanuts a Dago. Call him by his own name. It is disrespectful for you to call him a Dago."

"Will I call him Dan? That's his name."

"Yes, Tommie; Dan is better than Dago, and try to obey mamma and papa and I will excuse you from all other promises, while I hope you may lose, during the year, all your faults."

Tommie promised to swear off to the limit set by his mamma, and he felt very sorry that he had not kept some of last year's promises.

But ever after little Tommie often thought of what his mother said about not keeping his promises, and we can say that he really did keep the few promises and keep them to make many and keep none.—New World.

### TRAINING OF THE CHILD.

There is no more beautiful thing in the world than the unfolding mind of a child, and there is no study more interesting. How many parents realize this, and how many do their whole duty in the proper training of these young minds?

The mind of a child is a pure, white page, on which may be inscribed by the parent hand many brave, unselfish and loving thoughts; but it may also be defaced by carelessness, indifference to the child's welfare and thoughtless acts on the part of those in charge of the child's training.

It is dangerous to yield even once to an unreasonable demand, or a selfish request. No matter how young the child may be, he is none too young to be taught self-denial and respect for the rights of others. He may be made to learn early in life that he cannot have every thing he wants, that there is a reason for his being refused some things and granted others, that his mother is kind and loving, but firm and just.

The mother above all others should think of the child's future, the development of his character, the salvation of his soul. Even if we only thought of the earthly welfare of our children, we should strive to have them learn self-control, self-denial and thoughtfulness. The self-willed, greedy man is no favorite in the workshop or the counting room or society.

He is shunned and disliked, and all because he is doing in his manhood only what his parents encouraged him to do in his childhood, when they yielded to all his whims and made others give him whatever he asked for. The grave wrong done the child in infancy by father or mother proves a damage and an evil to him in all after life.

As we ponder over the seemingly little things in the training of young children, let us keep ever in mind the old saying, "As the twig is bent so the tree is inclined." We must think of the end for which the child is created. If we wish him to go through life pure and noble, generous and just, let us train him as to incline him toward the virtues we would see him possess; and to do this means constant prayer, unceasing watchfulness and heroic devotion on the part of the parents or those in charge of the children.—Catholic Record.

### WHAT A GIRL SHOULD KNOW.

The modern girl's education is incomplete unless she has learned:

- To sew.
- To cook.
- To mend.
- To dress neatly.
- To keep a secret.
- To avoid idleness.
- To be self-reliant.
- To be cheerful and happy.
- To darn stockings.
- To respect old age.
- To keep a house tidy.
- To be above gossiping.
- To control her temper.
- To take care of the sick.
- To take care of the baby.
- To take plenty of active exercise.
- To be light-hearted and feet-footed.

When she has learned all this, if she is not taken away to a better land she will make some lucky man a most excellent wife.

Not all the plans and schemes and theories of the advocates of women's rights are commendable, but it must be confessed that a good many of the means adopted for improving the conditions of the working girl are both praiseworthy and fairly successful. Mile. Rochefort of Lyons, France, is the leader of a movement in this direction that has attained very satisfactory results. Her work is so notable that she was recently invited to address the Congress of Social Economy, in Paris, and explain to an auditory of all opinions the genesis and plan of her prosperous undertaking. We rather like the moral courage with which this Catholic young lady informed her mixed audience that: "Above the question of wages and salaries and tariffs, in the face of all the impossibilities that oppose themselves here below to an equitable solution of the social question, I saw God, I understood the 'Our Father,' I have never despaired." Mile. Rochefort is a firm believer in syndicates of women; and if the women resemble herself, so are we.—Ave Maria.

### New Prelate in Michigan.

(The Augustinian.)

An unique ceremony for this part of the country, took place at the beautiful chapel of the Home of the Aged Poor in Detroit, on the feast of the Epiphany. Right Reverend Bishop Foley of the diocese of Detroit presided, assisted by his vicar general, chancellor, the deans and a number of clergymen, ratified the wishes of Our Holy Father Pope Pius the XIII. in clothing the venerable Monsignor DeBever with the Roman purple and investing him with the rights of membership in the Papal household. The right reverend bishop in full pontificals sat before the altar, surrounded by his attendants. The venerable priest clothed in his black cassock entered, and after making a profession of faith with the usual ceremonies, retired to the vestry to don the purple, which everyone thought was very becoming.

After the solemn mass the right reverend bishop delivered a discourse, congratulating the new prelate, and wishing him many happy years enjoyment of the new honors conferred. The chapel was beautifully decorated, and the music lent the occasion. After the services, Rt. Rev. Mgr. DeBever entertained the right reverend bishop and clergy at a banquet, the usual toasts and responses being made. The Augustinian joins, the myriads of friends of this worthy prelate, in praying and wishing for him every success. Mgr. DeBever is 75 years of age, and is nearly fifty years a priest. He has done a great amount of missionary work in the diocese of Detroit, creating a number of churches. He was formerly chaplain of Nazareth academy, Nazareth, Kalamazoo county, Michigan, and is now chaplain at the home of the aged poor, Detroit. "Ad Multos Annos."

### Catholic Instructress of the Blind.

A visit of more than ordinary interest will be the coming to this country of Madeleine Mulet, directress of a school for blind children at Angers, France. She comes here for the purpose of demonstrating her system of instruction at the St. Louis exposition. Accompanying her will be one of her pupils. Before going to the exposition she will pay an extended visit to the Very Reverend G. Goupille, C. S. C., the exiled president of the College of Neully, near Paris, who is now making his home with the members of his order at the University of Notre Dame.

Mademoiselle Mulet is well known in France, where she has spent fifteen years in perfecting a system of instruction unique in modern methods for the blind. She has worked out an especially practical and rapid method of writing, and this she will show to the American public. Her pupils after leaving her school are qualified to teach, and for this receive the endorsement of the French government. Among her students, Dominique, Vento, a Sicilian, who lately received degrees from the Sorbonne, has attracted widespread attention in France by the brilliancy of his examination and the thoroughness of his accomplishments. After leaving Mademoiselle Mulet's school he was prepared for his higher degrees by Father Goupille and Father Monje, the latter now of St. Paul.

### Origin of the Game of Dominoes.

Leo XIII was very fond of chess, but the present pope prefers dominoes, another silent game.

"I choose it for an evening's recreation because it does not interfere with my thinking over the affairs of the church and state," he said the other day.

The pope's brother having asked what might be the origin of the game and of its peculiar name, Pope Pius told the following interesting story:

"Though the monks of Monte Cassino," said the Holy Father, "made the vow of eternal silence, the prior thought a little recreation would do them good. He had seen the disciples of the cloister play with black stones, and conceived the idea of placing on the oblong pieces and dividing the same by a line. The players showed each other the numbers without opening their mouths, and proceeded according to the order we all know."

"It was further agreed that the player who had played out all his tablets first or who had the least number of points on the stones left in hand should pronounce the verses, as follows: 'Disit dominus domino Moeo.'"

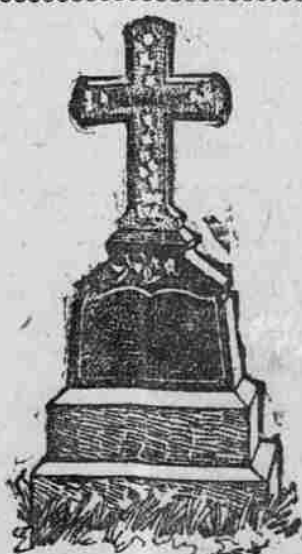
"When later on the game became known among the people it was 'dominoes' for short."

### Kaiser Wilhelm's Sermon.

While William II, emperor of Germany, has contributed materially to the gayety of nations during his reign, he has many times given expression to very sane and wholesome ideas. On the occasion of the confirmation of his two sons, Prince August Wilhelm and Prince Oscar, he preached an admirable sermon, containing much sound and practical advice to young men. He urged upon them the constant development of character and the assiduous cultivation of virtue. His concluding words were these:

"In all the troubles and trials of life, you must look to Christ. Your conscience will tell you that he would have you do. In the end he is the only helper."

These words of the kaiser might well be taken to heart by prince and peasant alike, for they contain the essence of the truly religious life.—New Century.



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